

# Of Interest to Women.

Sarah Bernhardt Tells of the First Success in Her Life—Camilla Urso's Fateful Hand—Lady Feo Wilson's Shopping Skates.

## FIRST SUCCESS OF SUCCESSFUL WOMEN.

"Le Passant," in which Sarah Bernhardt made her first success, as she relates below, is a boy's part in a brief one-act in verse. Another actress declined the part owing to her increasing stoutness, and it fell to Sarah's youthful lines. There are only two characters in the little drama. The youth wears a page's dress.

"My first success was in 'Le Passant,' a play by Francois Coppee, at the Odeon, Paris, in 1869. I had just graduated from the Imperial Conservatoire, of Paris, and received as the first prize in tragedy and comedy a Medal d'Honneur. My life has been a varied one, and many are the pleasures I have enjoyed, but to express the pleasures of the evening I made my debut is hardly possible. I can picture the evening as though it were now, the excitement—oh! it was so grand!—and drew forth my inmost passion, for I was very young then, you know, and it gave me zest and fervor for the ordeal I had to face. I can see the little theatre, and the people seated in the audience as I made my first appearance on the stage. My heart for the moment seemed to stand still. The first words I uttered fell from my lips with distinct accent. I made one grand step forward and then all my nervousness vanished. After the performance the crowd thronged the stage entrance, and with their cheers of 'Brava! Brava!' cheered me on my homeward way. Only those who have had the same experience can truly and fully understand my position.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

"After my success at the Odeon, I next appeared at the Comedie Francaise, where all great French actresses have been schooled, and my success there is well known."

"What success do you think a young woman with ability is likely to have on the stage?"

"I think if she has genius, a God-given genius, and can successfully pass through the severe trials she must encounter to gain the public's approval as to her ability, I say yes, let her go to work in earnest and she will succeed. But if, on the other hand, she has only an imaginary genius, which craze has afflicted so many young girls, I say no—decidedly no, for the exertion she will apply to her supposed ability is entirely lost, and I say, 'Stop; the task you have set yourself to do is the hardest work a woman can set her mind upon.'"

"It is often said that a star, when once she has made a name, has no further anxiety or labor, but could you go with me for one short hour to the theatre of an evening, you would see that the saying, 'hard work' is no fabrication, but the truth."

## SUPPOSE THEY WORE CORSETS.

Some years ago a comic opera was produced in this city which required that two of the male members of the company should impersonate women. The day before the opening night there was a dress rehearsal at which they appeared in their feminine attire, and for the first time in their lives wearing corsets, which, the costumer declared, were laced no tighter than the average woman would wear them. One of the singers found it impossible to make himself heard beyond the front rows. The other, a muscular baritone, quietly fainted away, and only recovered consciousness when released from the unaccustomed restraint.

A well-known Philadelphia athlete, who has distinguished himself as a long distance swimmer, went into a crowded dry goods store one day, and before he could make his way out sank down unconscious, overcome by the bad air. And yet we are called the weaker sex!

## GUILBERT'S GLOVES AND BELT.

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert's long black gloves remain as souvenirs of her interesting personality. Every other woman now imitates her hands in a pair of long black glove gloves. They have not the same charm as the long suede mousquetaires, introduced years ago by the rejuvenated and perennial Bernhardt. But the artless Guilbert wore nothing that had not the stamp of novelty. Witness the narrow belt that she wore. Of course, everybody has a gold, silver or jeweled belt, but nobody but Yvette wears the buckle in the back. That slim, round waist was one of her chief charms, for although amazingly small, it had an ease and suppleness incompatible with tight lacing, and that her corset-wearing imitators fail to discover.

Auntie—Will you have some oil with the salad, Tommy, like me?  
Tommy (who is having a happy day) with Auntie—No, thanks; I don't squeak.

## SIDE COMB USES.

Decidedly the side comb is a valuable ally, and slightly in itself as well as convenient in causing a becoming fullness, and holding in place the pretty pomposity of the puff. For evening wear the hair is dressed high on the head, whether or not the ripples cover the ears, while an aigrette of white osprey or of brilliants furnishes a able ornament. Variations of the Flaxman knot, although modish no more, are still to be seen—and admired by the discriminating; but elaborate bows and pretzel-like twists stand highest in favor, to say nothing of an extremely dull arrangement of rolls set in dreary sequence, for all the world like a terrace of suburban villa residences that is so undeservingly popular.



The bridge tender's cottage.

## HOW TO EQUIP A DRESSING TABLE.

In fitting out a dressing table it is necessary that of all to provide a covering to protect the highly polished wood. A pad of thin cheesecloth, closely scattered with any such powder you should prefer and covered with a washable china silk scarf carefully caught to it, will make a handsome cover. The ends of the scarf should hang down on the sides, and can be either handsomely embroidered or finished with large bows; another pretty style has lace insertions.

To be in the fashion a lady should have on her dressing table a silver or china hand mirror of a quaint shape, a silver china backed brush, so made that when it is shabby, if in silver, or when broken in china, it can be taken out and another one put in its place; a comb of shell and silver or of shell and china, likewise movable; a silver or china comb and brush tray, a puff box, cologne flask, smelling salt flask, nail scissors and polishers, button hook, shoe tong, curling tong, and a silver alcohol lamp, which should have a tray if it is to be used in safety, and a ring tree.

All of these articles are made in sterling silver, plated ware and in Dresden china. In buying them it is always best to get the heaviest plate made, otherwise it would not pay, as the inferior quality of plated ware does not last any length of time. In silver they are prettiest when perfectly plain satin finished, and marked with the monogram on each piece, though some people prefer them heavily chased.

In the Dresden china ware the pieces usually have a white background, decorated with flowers, and can be bought in any first-class china establishment.

The person with limited means who finds it difficult to expend the amount of money the purchase of these articles would call for, if she can paint, can buy many of the above pieces, with the exception of the mirror, comb and brush, in plain white china, and decorate them herself.

Some persons like to have tiny clocks on their dressing tables; these can be bought in silver and plated ware and in Dresden china frames.

## LYDIA, PLAYING THE PIANOFORTE.

So light thy fairy fingers touch  
The docile instrument, we seem  
To hear some far-off measure such  
As fairies play us in a dream.

The tender chords so true, so neat,  
The rippling notes that faultless fall,  
The crisp arpeggio—all are sweet,  
But thou the sweetest of them all.

Let others rave of Rubinstein,  
Or Paderewski, far-famed Pole,  
I care not! one slight piece of thine  
Shriller sweeter music in my soul.

Is not thy partial critic fair?  
I cannot tell; howe'er it be,  
No master plays so sweet an air  
As that my mistress plays for me.

E. H. L. W.

## FIE, FIE, GENTLEMEN!

"Talk about woman's pettiness as you please," Mrs. Oldstyle said, as she took off her bonnet, "I saw something in the car as I came home which shows they have not a monopoly of that interesting trait. As our car came to the place where it gave and got transfers from another line, two male passengers rose up and rushed out in the madly lurching fashion that seems to be inseparable from transfers. They were not the fraction of a second apart in reaching the street level—the other car was waiting and the conductor chirruping haste. But as the two got their footing one struck out wildly at the other, and began cursing him roundly in at least three languages. It took the driver and conductor, with a policeman thrown in, to stop the assault—the other car meantime driving on, so both passengers lost their transfers. And when we were again in motion our conductor took his pencil and flipped a single penny from between the slats of the floor, saying, with a grin, as he held it out for our inspection, 'Pretty small to fight about.' Then he told us that the man who had raised the row and accused the other of knocking the coin willfully out of his hand as the scrambled off together."

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Miss Weber, of Urbana, Ill., has the honor to be the youngest and prettiest woman cashier in the United States. Indiana did claim to be unique in the matter of feminine bank employees, but since it has been proved that Urbana's cashier has not only won the esteem and confidence of her employers, but is also in advance of her rival in beauty, the palm goes to Illinois as a matter of course.

Louisville society has evolved a novel entertainment and enlarged upon the time-honored tableaux vivants. "An Evening with Gibson" was the exact title of the entertainment, and well-chosen pictures of the popular artist were presented by lovely women and handsome men. Mr. Gibson is famous for the beauty and grace of his models, but the array of Kentucky belles was sufficient to put even the most perfect work to shame.

Mme. Marie Cornelli, a well-known painter of flowers and still life, has lately been the recipient of several distinguished honors. The French Government has bought one of her pictures for one of the National Museums, and has awarded her the purple of the Academician Palmes. Mme. Cornelli painted the exquisite fan which was Mme. Adam's offering to the Russian Bazaar, lately held in the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, and which was purchased by the Empress herself. Mme. Cornelli is an Alsatian by birth, but, having left her country when it fell under German power, has now established herself in Paris, at No. 158 Rue St. Jacques, where in her studio she displays a collection of oil painted flowers which make her rank as a successful rival to Madeleine Lemaire.

## OVERHEARD ON THE ELEVATED.

First Maiden—"Yes, it certainly does cost more to live than it did five years ago. I always used to make my own clothes, but I can't now. Imagine cutting out a pair of sleeves in a hall bedroom!"

Second Maiden—"Impossible, of course. And then think of the skirts; why, one needs the floor of the Metropolitan Opera House to cut one properly. Mand lent me her new pattern the other day to copy, and it took four Evening Posts and a Sunday Journal!"

Mr. George Meredith has become a grandfather for the first time. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Maxse Meredith, born in Bayswater, is the great-grandson on his mother's side of yet another George—George Elliot. The two I's denote, not the novelist, but the North County baronet, who was once in reality, and always at election times, the "bonnie pit laddie;" a splendidly varied ancestry for the newcomer—of course named another George.

## CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzales, to whom has been intrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish gypsies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects. The Journal takes pleasure in announcing that it will have photographs of hands sent in read by Queen Stella.



MADAME CAMILLA URSO.

Here is a hand showing success in labor. Its possessor is one who knows how to use the struggles of life to advantage. Progress will ever come by inspiration. She is prompt in sudden thought and action. Her judgment is sound and she has a lucid mind. It shows, too, unusual curiosity. Here are great desires. She reaches fortune only through struggles. Celebrity is hers by merit.

## ABOLITION OF WALKING.

This is the portrait of Lady Feo Wilson, of Kircaldy, doing her morning shopping on pneumatic skates. These are a Scotch invention. They come, in fact, from Glasgow. The idea has infinite possibilities, for any one who can walk can skate. If these do succeed they will make an era in locomotion. It is well known that women who walk but little—and these are more and more numerous in town—find themselves afflicted by a curious flaccidity of the muscles of the calf. For this the massage is called in, and by kneading supplies that firmness and checks that redundancy of flesh which walking regulates. The pneumatic skate, which is described as inspiring as sport with the bicycle, exercises the calf of the leg without the fatigue of walking.

One of the advantages of the skate is that it does not require a smooth plane, as does the roller skate. It, indeed, goes better over a gritty surface or the average country road. It can, in fact, go anywhere or do anything that a bicycle can do. It is naturally far less expensive than the bicycle, the cost being somewhere between \$15 and \$25. The pneumatic skate, moreover, can be packed in an ordinary hand bag, which every one knows the bicycle cannot. For country doctors and clergymen the pneumatic skate is described as invaluable.



Lady Feo Wilson Shopping.

## GOING ON TO-DAY.

Mrs. George W. Rudkin and Miss Maud Rudkin, of No. 827 President street, Brooklyn, will give a large tea this afternoon from 4 until 7 o'clock.

The Fortnightly Club meets at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Howes, No. 260 West Fifty-seventh street, to-night at 8 o'clock. The fourth act of "Midsummer's Night Dream" will be read and followed by a discussion. Music and recitations and dancing are also in order for the evening.

The Misses Peabody, of One Hundred and Eighteenth street, give a tea to-day. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. David Welch and Miss Haines.

Mrs. S. Fisher Johnson, of No. 11 East Sixty-third street, has issued invitations for a dinner party to-night.

The Misses Kopper, of No. 318 West Ninetieth street, give a tea this afternoon. Mrs. Thomas H. Newman, president of the Harlem Philharmonic Society, of No. 7 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, gives the last of her series of teas this afternoon. Mrs. Lucien C. W. Mrs. Josiah Lombard, Mrs. Charles Russell Treat, Dr. Martha C. Holmes and Mrs. George W. Best will assist in receiving.

His Trade.  
First Girl—Wot was 'is trade—brass finisher? Did 'e work at it arter yer got spliced?  
Second Girl—Well, I 'ad a little brass saved, and 'e soon finished it.

## THE ORIENTAL RUG AND THE WOMAN.



Rug auctions are among the notable diversions of New York women. This giddy season, which always manages to edge into and lighten penitential Lent, will soon begin. No woman ever had rugs enough. The ingenuity with which she has found new uses and has aided in the conquest of new area for them the illustration shows. This space-grabbing rapacity, however, has some show of reason.

A beautiful rug never shows to such advantage as when the light strikes its pile. When it is hung as a panel, or draped as a portiere, the light plays among its folds, revealing its subtleties of form and color and catches the silken sheen of its pile. The Oriental would regard it as sacrilege to tread with Western boot heels on a beautiful rug. He takes off his sandals at the door, and the most treasured rugs are hung as in the seductive boudoir above. This is the reason so many lustrous antique rugs have come down to us so perfectly preserved.

Before venturing among the perilous depths of an auction sale where rugs are falling every sixty seconds and the judgment soon goes wild or is submerged, it is

also to know something about rugs. There are only three kinds of Oriental rugs—Turkish, Persian and Daghestan. The catalogue will, to be sure, abound in the most interesting and unpronounceable names. But these are to diversify the pages, and mean nothing. Turkish rugs are also called Anatolian. These are the large, loosely poled rugs that the Osbornes, Sidneys and other noted people of English novels have under their tables. The prevailing colors are red, blue and green. The designs are large.

The Daghestan rugs belong to the coast of Asia Minor. The oblong and long hall rugs are generally Daghestan. The designs are smaller than the Turkish and, like them, geometrical. The pile is short and, in the antique Daghestans, beautifully lustrous. The colors are subtle, and in some of the Daghestans there are opaline tints of the rarest beauty.

The finest of all rugs are the Persian. The designs are floral, much smaller than those of Daghestan, and introduce a far larger number of tints. Some of the Persian prayer rugs sell for marvellous prices, and are as exquisite in coloring as any picture. These prayer rugs are easily recognized by their design, which marks the lines of the prostrate form with extended arms.

The Indian rug is borrowed from these and owes its prominence to the British commercial spirit which has established factories, brought the peasant weaver from his mountain home and given him a rule of three. The wayward artistic spirit is consequently giving place to martinet exactness.

Cashmere rugs are made in the Caucasus. These are smooth-faced rugs, with geometric designs, red predominating in the coloring. In color blue stands best the test of time. Red, green and yellow are all valuable. Brown is not durable and should be avoided. The preference for antique rugs is based on the sheen which time and usage give a rug, and in the use of native vegetable dyes, which have been superseded in modern rugs by aniline colors. Lastly beware of the dry rot in rugs induced by sea water during transportation. For this there is no remedy.

## Sarah Titus, Bridge Tender of the Bronx.

On the unpainted door is a little tin sign, bearing in faint letters of gold, "Bridge Tender." That signifies Mrs. Sarah Titus, who for forty-two years has been the warden of the Bronx. Her insignia of office is a pole, with which she manipulates the bridge, which revolves on a pivot. Now that the Bronx has become part of the town and the wheelmen and wheelwomen are exploring all that romantic region, Mrs. Titus has become a well-known person. Her cottage is not picturesque, but it commands a view of the pretty little river, and seated at the window, with her knitting, Mrs. Titus can see the coming of the boats before she is summoned. Bridge tending on the Bronx is indeed an employment so suited to a woman that Mrs. Titus says she practically did the work during the lifetime of her husband, to whom the place originally belonged. The salary of bridge tender is \$800, the payment of which the city and county divide between them.